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WHY WILL WE YET DO THIS THING?

If we were really honest Shakespeareans, would we go on printing, as Shakespeare's, that bunch of random verses called, for unknown reason, "A Passionate Pilgrim"? We all know, everybody knows, as clearly as it is possible to know anything, that no Shakespeare ever wrote a line of it, except the otherwheres vouched-for two sonnets that have been dragged from their own catena elsewhere and run in among the other desultory rhymes, and whose very presence among them proves not only the haphazard character of the collection, but that it has no right to Shakespeare's name even as its collector!

Of course, there are commercial reasons why this "A Passionate Pilgrim" should stay where somebody has so arbitrarily put it. An edition of "Shakespeare's Works" without it would hardly compete commercially with one including it. Such an edition, in cataloguer's phrase, would be "incomplete."

But since in his lifetime Shakespeare never bothered himself to set up a claim to his own compositions, let alone to those of other people—it is not exactly fair to his memory to include things he never wrote in to-day's editions of his works. Would it not be just as well if hereafter "The Passionate Pilgrim," if not omitted from our editions of Shakespeare, when included should be accompanied with a statement to run something as follows: "This is a collection of verses neither composed nor collected by Shakespeare. They were grouped together from various sources in 1599 by a publisher named William Jaggard, who, without Shakespeare's knowledge or consent, printed them with a title page stating that they were 'by W. Shakespeare'; and everything contained

in such collection which can in any way be traced to the dramatist appears elsewhere in his acknowledged works."

Would not this be something very near the exact Truth?

If Shakespeare could even be located as selecting the poems in this collection, it would be something to possess an idea of his tastes as to the poetry of others. But there appears to be not even this mild excuse for admitting "The Passionate Pilgrim" into our modern editions of Shakespeare's works. It was a fashion of the day to print what were called Books of Songs and Sonnets (such as Slender told Anne Page he had rather than forty shillings he had by him, when he found himself at a loss for matter to keep up a flow of conversation). And this "Passionate Pilgrim" may have been put forth to purport to be a collection of songs and sonnets which Jaggard employed Shakespeare to make up for him, and this may have been all Jaggard meant by the 1599 title page, "The Passionate Pilgrim, by W. Shakespeare." It was a lie, to be sure. But it was such a lie as the publishers of that date who were members of the Stationers' Company were authorized by law to tell on their title pages, and they did tell such lies repeatedly, and the Court of Star Chambers upheld them in the telling.

The "Songs and Sonnets" included in the collection are: "If Music and Sweet Poetry agree," etc.; "As it fell upon a day," etc. These two are from a work entitled "Poems in Various Humors," by Richard Barnfield (1598), the first named being a really valuable literary survival of the date, for it mentions Spenser as an esteemed poet, and Dowland as an esteemed musician, of the date of whom, except that he died in 1615, nothing further is known. It is, in fact, from this piece of verse only that we know at all of his estimate. The stanzas beginning "Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle," are also Barnfield's. "Venus with young Adonis sitting by her," etc., is by Bartholomew Griffin, from his Fidessa (1596). "My flock feeds not," etc., is from Thomas Weelke's Madrigals (1597). The stanzas, "Crabbed age and youth cannot live together," etc., were a song of the day as familiar as "My Lady Green Sleeves," and are found to be in several plays by Elizabethan dramatists. "Live with me and be my Love" is Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd to his Mistress," one of the most famous and familiar poetical pieces of the time, and set to music as a song. (Parson Evans, who has been egged on to a duel with Dr. Caius in the Merry Wives of Windsor, and who stoutly proceeds to the wrong rendezvous, as does his rival, in order to impress each other with their courage while avoid-

ing a meeting, hums snatches of this song while pretending to await his antagonist). The lines called "Love's Answer" are Sir Walter Raleigh's almost equally familiar "The Lady's Answer to the Shepherd." Two pieces taken from Thomas Heywood's Troia Britannica (1609), being epistles "Paris to Helen" and "Helen to Paris," follow. The lines "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye," etc., figure as the sonnet Longaville writes to Maria in the Love's Labour's Lost of 1592 (IV, III, 59). The verse, "If love make me forsworn," etc., is Biron's sonnet to Rosalind in Love's Labour Lost (IV, II, 103); while the "On a day (alack the day!)," etc., Dumaine writes to Kate in the same play (IV, III, 98), though it appears again in England's Helicon in 1600, signed "Ignoto." The remainder of the collection is made up of anonymous verses, including the "It was a Lordling's daughter the fairest one of three," etc., which no competent schoolboy would think of ascribing to Shakespeare, and of two sonnets, "When my love swears that she is made of Truth," and "Two loves have I of comfort and despair." These two, however, are respectively Sonnets CXXVIII and CXLIV of the collection, which was then, according to Meres, passing in manuscript among Shakespeare's "private friends," which all the world calls "Shakespeare's Sonnets" to-day (and which, since 1836, have been regarded by many very competent critics as forming one consistent autobiographical poem), of which Jaggard had somehow managed to possess himself.

So the matter stood, until 1609. In that year Thomas Heywood published a work, entitled "An Apologie for Actors." In the postscript to this work he writes: "Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done to me, by taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen and Helen to Paris from that work (Troia Britannica) and printing them in a lesse volume under the name of another, which might put the world in opinion I might steale them from him, and he to doe himself right hath since published them in his own name, but as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author I know much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknowne to him) presume to make bold with his name."

This is perhaps milder than the occasion warranted, but it seems intelligible, and, moreover, it seems to have accomplished its purpose, so far as Heywood was concerned, at any rate. That Jaggard heeded the protest to the least extent was a remarkable thing for an Elizabethan publisher (and a member of the Stationers' Company) to do, printing,

as publishers did, whatever they pleased and with such title pages, dedications and names as they pleased. Possibly Jaggard had reasons for thinking that by an inprominent, quasi-recognition, which would not affect the commercial value of his book, he might leave himself in a position to plead either recognition or refusal as thereafter should be convenient.

What Jaggard did was this: In 1612 he brought out a second edition of his Passionate Pilgrim, with the still more fetching title page: "The Passionate Pilgrim: Or Certaine amorous sonnets between Venus and Adonis, newely corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare. The Third Edition. Whereunto is newly added two Epistles, the first from Paris to Helen and Helen's answere back againe to Paris." He omits the verses by Heywood, but to the name of Shakespeare on the title page he adds the falsehood, so far as can be ascertained, that this collection was "newly corrected and augmented" by him. And he still further recoups himself for any commercial loss sustained by absence of the Heywood verses by lugging in the "Venus and Adonis," a name associated with Shakespeare, and by calling his second edition "The third edition." Perhaps an analysis of this transaction and of this title page reveals two very important bits of circumstantial evidence touching Shakespeare, to wit:

First. The protest was Shakespeare's, not Heywood's. The law allowing Jaggard to print what he pleased, would he have noticed a protest coming from Heywood, who was not at all an important person? Notice that Jaggard, while removing Heywood's pieces, parades them still in his title page by their titles, "Paris to Helen" and "Helen to Paris." But Shakespeare, at that date at the zenith of his reputation, standing well with the court, a man of wealth and of charities, was another thing. His protest, even though he had no remedy at law, was not to be disregarded summarily. Jaggard does not, however, remove the two inconsecutive sonnets, which (as Heywood puts it), "He (Shakespeare. Heywood's pronouns are mixed, but as no name save Shakespeare's is involved, this one can only relate to Shakespeare) hath since published (them) in his own name," doubtless referring to the 1609 edition of the Sonnets printed by Thomas Thorpe.

Second. If Heywood's protest had not been dictated by Shakespeare, it is inconceivable that he would have simply alluded to the most prominent dramatist of his date, and one of the most influential private subject of the Queen, simply as "another"? Perhaps Shakes-

peare, being too important a person to wish to go on record as objecting to so small a matter as the filching of two desultory sonnets, preferred to be so referred to in this instance. Left to himself, Heywood might well have called attention to the honor done him by association of his verse with those of Shakespeare. And, finally, can anybody imagine that Shakespeare—who had risen to the top of his profession in 1612, and had retired a rich man, and was living in the greatest house in Stratford, its wealthiest and most influential citizen—would have "newly corrected and augmented" a trivial book of songs and sonnets in which two random and inconsistent sonnets out of his own collection of one hundred and fifty-four were run in as padding? In other words, does not the inclusion of these two sonnets weaken, rather than strengthen, the probability of Shakespeare's agency in the matter?

Be this as it may, and allowing for the noncommittal and negative character of this, the only instance where Shakespeare ever seems to have noticed what the publishers did with his work, this protest and this title page certainly clears Shakespeare of any complicity in the "Pasisonate Pilgrim" affair. And it really relieves Shakespeare's nineteenth-twentieth century detractors from reams of argument to his discredit, founded upon what Shakespeare did not do under certain circumstances. For my part, I am inclined to think that the more we learn about Shakespeare's personal character the more we are impressed with the honesty as well as the modesty and camaraderie of the man, a camaraderie which even went to the limit of utter carelessness when anything of his own exclusive property was concerned, a carelessness which is the utter despair of plenty of his nineteenth-twentieth century critics!

Another view of the matter might well be, that, since Jaggard could not have been brought to any legal process, he concluded to persist in his pleasure; reasoning that, if remonstrated with, he could plead his partial correction (the removing of Heywood's verses), and that the ambiguous wording of Heywood's protest had not led him to understand that removal of Shakespeare's name was desired. In either case it would seem to have been quite in Shakespeare's vein to have declined to act himself and to have contented himself with suggesting Heywood's protest.

As to whether Shakespeare composed the three pieces which were already in the Love's Labour's Lost when Jaggard helped himself to them, or the two random sonnets which resumed their places

consecutively as of the one hundred and fifty-four sonnets in 1609, there is little to be said. But that little is corroborative of the certainty that Shakespeare had nothing to do with the "Passionate Pilgrim." For, certainly, it is impossible that the composer of one hundred and fifty-four splendid sonnets should have edited a collection of contemporary poetry, and inserted therein two sonnets out of this one hundred and fifty-four (and these not consecutive or important—certainly not the two best nor the two worst), thus deliberately throwing a doubt upon his authorship of the entire one hundred and fifty-four, in which he had erstwhile poured out his soul and unlocked his heart! Poets are not built that way! A poet who would occupy himself with the composition of one hundred and fifty-four sonnets would scarcely content himself with printing only two of them in a volume of verses by other well-known poets!

It is, perhaps, an entirely plausible explanation of Shakespeare's indifference to his plays, and to their fate—not transferring them on the Stationers' Registers or providing for their ownership by his will—that he had composed them under the arrangement we should now call Proprietary Copyright, and so did not own them at any time. But no such explanation is possible as to these poems. Nobody ever hired him to write poems.

As to the poetry in the Love's Labour's Lost, its occurrence there neither proves nor disproves that Shakespeare wrote it. For then, as now, snatches of popular songs were introduced into stage plays (as Trinculo's song, "For she had a tongue with a tang," in The Tempest, or "Let the cannakin clink," or "King Stephen was a worthy peer" into the Othello, or, as we have just seen, Parson Evans treats us to a stave or two of Marlowe's "Come live with me and be my love," in the Merry Wives). But, compared with the dainty and delicious songs scattered through the more important plays, whose text is given in full, surely those which are used in the "Passionate Pilgrim" are not even within planetary range!

Guess as we may, and cite title pages as we may, we do not know even approximately when any of Shakespeare's Plays or Poems were written. All we do know is that certain of each were extant at certain periods. But, since we also know that he wrote for years without a publisher, and that, after he had achieved a first success, everything he had ever written was hunted up by the printers and printed, this information avails us very little. Elizabethan scholars place very little re-

liance upon Elizabethan title pages or dedications, as both were controlled by the publishers of those days, and habitually modeled by them for commercial purposes. Wither (Scholler's Purgatory, 1625) says of the publisher of his date: "If he gets any written matter in his power likely to be vendable, whether the author be willing or not, he will publish it, and it shall be contrived and named also according to his own pleasure. Nay, he oftentimes gives books names as will, to his thinking, make them salable, when there is nothing in the whole volume suitable to such a title." This is annoying enough to the Elizabethan student. But it would seem as if, where the Elizabethan publishers got hold of any poetical matter which was, or which could by any pretext be, labeled "Shakespeare," they conspired to still more desperately confuse posterity. The Passionate Pilgrim, which is not Shakespeare's, bears his name. The Venus and Adonis and the Lucrece have no author's name on their title pages, but are dedicated to Lord Southampton, and Shakespeare's name is at the bottom of both dedications. The Sonnets, again, bear Shakespeare's name on the title page, but their publisher attends to the dedicating himself, and selects a shadowy "Mr. W. H." (the pleasure of whose acquaintance nobody seems to enjoy) as dedicatee. The Phoenix and the Turtle is one of a collection of "Diverse Poetical Essaies, Done by the Best and Chiefest of our modern writers," and, this time anonymously, the whole dedicated to Sir John Salisbury, whom no records claim to connect with Shakespeare. Though, as some of the verses included in this Book of Songs and Sonnets are by Shakespeare's fellows, Ben Jonson, Marston and Chapman, there is, perhaps, less improbability of Shakespeare's having contributed to the collection.

This latter Book of Songs and Sonnets, to still further confuse us, is also published anonymously (the imprint merely supplying the date MDCI, without name of printer or place of marketing or printing office). Meanwhile the verses called "A Lover's Complaint" are tacked on at the end of the 1609 edition of the Sonnets, though one searches in vain for any evidence—titular, qualitative or structural—which breathes of a Shakespearean source! Where they came from is one of the continuing mysteries of Shakespeare research. But perhaps it is not more wonderful than the fact that, although more than two hundred editions of plays and poems by Shakespeare were printed in his lifetime, and in the city where he lived, not a copy of one of them can be traced to his possession. Baron von Humboldt said that he could not afford to own a set of his

own works, most of which were folios, sumptuously printed, with finely engraved illustrations. But Shakespeare could have bought a copy of any one of twenty of his plays in quarto for a testern. Doubtless it requires not only a temperate judgment, but considerable moral courage, to intimate even a possibility that Shakespeare alone, of all his contemporaries, did not escape the license of the printer of which Wither complains, or that, after his name possessed a commercial value, it might not have been appropriate to market inferior wares not his! But, if Shakespeare can be found anywhere of Record, or guessed, or surmised, or inferred, as having ever anywhere deigned to utter a syllable as to his own productions, he certainly once seemed to have expressed regret that his name had been associated with "The Passionate Pilgrim!" A reader of the Sonnets is at perfect liberty to decide for himself whatever it is that they mean, since, as Mr. Hunt has shown in his fine paper printed elsewhere in these pages, in three hundred yars no consensus as to their meaning has been arrived at, except that they are capable of being construed as yielding to a certain order of perusal. But no son of an eleventh son, or man born of woman, can find order or form or consecutiveness, or even a shadow of excuse for their title, in "The Passionate Pilgrim."

APPLETON MORGAN.

[The body of this paper is used by the courtesy of The Neale Company, of Washington, D. C., proprietors of *The Conservative Review.*]

"THE UNSPEAKABLE SONNETS": TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-FOUR YEARS OF THEIR CRITICISM.

Shakespeare Sonnets. Reconsidered, and in part rearranged with introductory chapters, notes and reprint of the original 1609 edition; by Samuel Butler. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

A New Study of Shakespeare: An inquiry into the connection of the Plays and Poems, with the origins of the classical drama and with the Platonic philosophy through the Mysteries; by W. F. C. Wigston. London: Trübner & Co., 1884.

The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets; by Gerald Massey. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1888.

Testimony of the Sonnets as to the Authorship of the Shakespearean Plays and Poems; by Jesse Johnson. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1899.

Bacon and Shakespeare in the Sonnets; by H. L. Hosmer. San Francisco: The Bancroft Co., 1887.

A Study in the Warwickshire Dialect; by Appleton Morgan, A. M., LL.D. New York and London: The Shakespeare Press, 1900.

A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare; by Parke Godwin. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1900.

Fair, Kind and True (Shakespeare's Sonnets); by Julius, Jr. Scranton Republican Print, 1896.

Remarks on the Sonnets of Shakespeare; by E. A. Hitchcock; published by James Miller, New York, 1865.

The Sonnets of William Shakespeare; edited by Edward Dowden. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., 1896.

Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems; Being his Sonnets clearly developed, with his Character drawn chiefly from his Works; by Charles Armitage Brown, 1838.

The Sonnets of Shakespeare Solved, and the Mystery of His Friendship, Love and Rivalry Revealed; by Henry Brown, 1870.

The Sonnets of William Shakespeare: A Critical Disquisition suggested by a recent discovery; by Bolton Corney, 1862.

The Sonnets of William Shakespeare, with introduction and notes, 1881. (Shakespeare: a critical study of his mind and art) 11th edition; by Edward Dowden, 1897.

Songs and Sonnets by William Shakespeare; by Francis Turner Palgrave, 1865.

Shakespeare's Sonnets, edited with Notes and Introduction; by Thomas Tyler, 1890.

The Poems of Shakespeare; by George Wyndham. 8vo; cloth; pp. 500. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1898.

Schlussel zu Shakespeare's Sonnetten (Bremen, 1860). A Key to Shakespeare's Sonnets; by D. Barnstorff. Translated from the German by T. J. Graham. London: 1862.

Les Sonnets de Shakespeare; Traduits en sonnets français avec. Introduction, notes et Bibliographie. Par Fernand Henry. Paris: Librairie Paul Ollendorff, 1900. New York: The Shakespeare Press.

The Shakespeare Sonnets occupy a very unique position in English literature, and are sui generis even among the Shakespeare writings. They possess such peculiar qualities that some early scholars have denied their being a product of the Shakespeare mind, but it is now generally conceded that internal evidence proves them to be pure exhibitions of that art which we call "Shakespeare's." The qualities which give them this abnormal character among poetical creations have disclosed themselves through many years of critical exercise. That many of the verses constitute the acme of poetic achievement, including the technique of versification, is receiving general acquiescence. In deep, compact and generalized thought, in prolific simile and metaphor, in rare

forms of expression and in unerring accuracy of language, many of them are without parallel.

Contrasted with such qualities are others, which have been the despair of students, and the bones between contentious critics. Their obscurity of sense, their evident allusions to matters kept within the breast of the author; their seeming conflicting sentiments; their heights of ideality and depths of apparent gross realism; their ostensibly autobiographical nature, which raises insoluble problems concerning the life of Shakespeare,—all these have surrounded the Sonnets with a thicket of mysteries and difficulties through which critics have tried to tear their way, scratching themselves (and, incidentally, each other) in their efforts. These mysteries have long been recognized, and the diverse opinions concerning them make a body of criticism which is one of the literary curiosities of the age. Hallam says that they were published in 1609 "in a manner as mysterious as their subject and contents, and that, "Notwithstanding the frequent beauties of these Sonnets, the pleasure of their perusal is greatly diminished by these circumstances, and it is impossible not to wish that Shakespeare had never written them. . . . There is a weakness and folly in all excessive and misplaced affection which is not redeemed by the touches of nobler sentiments that abound in this long series of Sonnets. . . . The obscurity is often such as only conjecture can penetrate, and so many frigid conceits are scattered around that we might almost fancy the poet to have written them without generous emotion, did not such a host of other passages attest to the contrary." Hazlitt thought that "If we could once discover the true solution of the enigma which lies hidden in the Sonnets, we might, perhaps, learn much that is now mysterious in the history of his life." To Henry Brown the poet was writing an allegorical parody playfully satirizing the Sonnet writers of his day. Even the keen mind of Taine found in them "a delirium of ideas and images burned out with energy enough to make a man dizzy." Stevens would not print them, declared that an act of Parliament could not compel people to read them; called them "affectation," "pedantry," "circumlocution," "nonsense" and purblind and obscene stuff," and yet there are now more than a hundred different works upon the Sonnets, and translations of them into a half dozen different languages. Boswell criticised Stevens sharply for his estimation of the Sonnets, and was free in praise of the work of "Shakespeare's youthful imagination." Wordsworth also rebuked Stevens, and claimed that in no part of Shake-

speare's writings was found in an equal compass a greater number of "exquisite feelings felicitously expressed." Ulrici found that the Sonnets "tell us the poet had a calm consciousness of his own greatness, and also that he held fame and applause to be empty, mean and worthless;" and Gerald Massey calls this a "cross-eyed view." Bolton Corney discovers nothing but "poetical exercises" dedicated by William Herbert to Lord Southampton. Mr. Wyndham, in his volume of the poems of Shakespeare, which contains discriminating observations upon the Sonnets as examples of the purest poetic art, says: "Others, again, detached not only from the thought of most men, embody the transcendental speculations of rare minds which, at certain times and places, in Socratic Athens and in the Europe of the Renaissance, have commanded wide attention." Dyce comes to the conclusion that Shakespeare wrote the Sonnets for his private friends, and that they were composed in assumed characters, upon different subjects and at different times. Gerald Massey practically supports Dyce, and has found in the Sonnets a "Secret History" of Southampton and his friends, wherein he claims he has rescued the poet's name from the shame which these writings have attached to it. This last writer advocates the theory that the Sonnets were written in dramatic character, as coming from one friend of the poet to another, and he has re-arranged them into all sorts of new combination to effect his purposes, much after the manner of Parke Godwin. Professor Dowden dismisses Mr. Massey with a gentle wave of the hand. Mr. Wigston, author of "A New Study of Shakespeare," believes that all the plays are true classical productions, written in accordance with a definite system of philosophy, and that the Sonnets are "creative principles" connected with the plays. General Hitchcock, in his "Remarks on the Shakespeare Sonnets" (1865), says that these poems "belong to a class of hermetic writings, having a profoundly mysterious sense, and they cannot be explained or understood from any merely literal point of view." Dowden thinks many of the Sonnets were written upon abstract themes, such as Time, Beauty, Truth and Goodness, but in the "Dark Woman" series he finds nothing but gross realism, and he laboriously follows Shakespeare through a painful story of illicit love. Sidney Lee, in his recent "Life," regrets, of course, to find himself in more or less complete disagreement with all these writers, Dowden, Tyler, Wyndham and Massey, and Mr. Parke Godwin refer to Mr. Lee's "wild speculation" and "arrogant dogmatism," and to that writer's statement that some of the Sonnets are "inane," as "an opinion

that may be taken as a measure of his critical capacity." And Mr. Samuel Butler rubs it still further into Mr. Lee by comparing what he says on one page by what he says on another, and hoping (rather against hope) that in time Mr. Lee will receive the gift of an open mind. Bright, Boaden, Armitage Brown and Henry Brown consider the Sonnets as purely autobiographical. M. Fernand Henry, an eminent French lawyer, has recently published a very able translation of the Sonnets for the purpose of acquainting his countrymen with the wonders of these lyrics, for which he has received honorable mention by the French Academy. A most valuable feature of his work is a complete bibliography on the subject. M. Henry adopts the Southampton theory as probably the most reasonable, but thinks the poet found a strong influence in the Platonic Philosophy. Mr. Parke Godwin divides the Sonnets into six different groups, first "a central or explanatory Sonnet"—number 77. Second, "a few Sonnets which cannot be gathered into a fold with any of the others, and stand out as so many independents, nine in all." Third, "a group forming a somewhat continuous poem, which is commonly said to be a persuasion to a young man of genius and promise to get married, but which has . . . an entirely different object." Fourth, "a series of Love Poems, descriptive (a) of an early and ardent attachment, (b) of a separation from the beloved, (c) of the pains and pleasures of absence, and (d) of a young poet's first impressions, under these circumstances, of the great world." Fifth, "another group of Love Poems, but of another kind, depicting the origin, progress and end of an irregular amatory relation, and which may be called 'The Episode of the Dark Lady.'" Sixth, "a group relating to the poet's communion with a Higher or Tenth Muse, as he calls it, meaning the personified Spirit or Genius of Poetry in its highest conception," and which last group "reveals the youthful aspirations of the poet, his efforts to realize them, the obstacles he encounters, and his ultimate success and triumph over all difficulties." The Sonnets are re-arranged by Mr. Godwin regardless of their original consecutive numbering, and his work includes a careful prose reproduction, according to his interpretations, of each verse. The Baconians are placed hors du combat in the early part of his labors by being promptly labeled "long-eared quidnuncs."

After the foregoing observations of the experts it is extremely refreshing to read John Benson's address to the reader in his edition of the Sonnets of 1640—the first after the original quarto imprint of 1609. Says Benson: "In your perusal you shall find them serene, clear, and

elegantly plain—such gentle strains as shall recreate and not perplex the brain. No intricate or cloudy stuff to puzzle the intellect." It is impossible to resist the suggestion that Benson was a famous joker! The very first page of the thin, unpaginated quarto of 1609, which contained only the Sonnets and A Lover's Complaint, presents matter over which the critics have waged, and are still waging, furious battles, with no prospects of a future truce. This is the dedication by Thorpe, the printer, to "Mr. W. H., the onlie beggetter of these insuing sonnets." The form of the dedication is itself a mystery, being composed of capital letters with a period after each word, in a style, as Dowden says, "unique" even in the day in which it was written. But the identity of "Mr. W. H." seems to have been considered by writers as a mystery paramount, involving the question of the identity of the person addressed in various terms in the Sonnets, Thorpe wishing "W. H." "that eternity promised by our ever living poet," and which, evidently, refers to the immortality the poet so often engages to secure for the "friend" through the power of his verse. Briefly noting, the mysterious "Mr. W. H." has been found by the scholars to be William Herbert, the young Earl of Pembroke; Henry Wriothesley, the Earl of Southampton, with his initials transposed; William Hughes; William Hathaway, the poet's brother-in-law; William Harte, his nephew; William Hall, a stationer's assistant, "Ewes," one of the names of Essex, and by a German critic (Bernstorf), "William Himself." And the Sonnets themselves have been found to be addressed to all of the persons named, to Lady Rich, to Queen Elizabeth, to Shakespeare's wife, his mistress, his Dramatic Art, Ideal Beauty and Truth, his Ideal Manhood, the Divine Logos and the Catholic Church! Nothing is wanting in the way of variety. The date of their composition is almost entirely conjectural, covering a period of about twenty years. Whether they were published with the knowledge and oversight of their author is a warmly disputed question. The order in which they should be arranged has provoked a fervid and prolonged discussion. The interpretation of individual Sonnets has differed with differing theories, each partisan in turn demolishing the carefully erected edifice of his opponent. The idea that the Sonnets are autobiographical in their nature and express the feelings of the poet in his own proper person is subscribed to, notwithstanding the hopeless difficulties which such a conclusion creates by so formidable an array of critics as follows: Wordsworth, Sir Henry Taylor, Swinburne, Victor Hugo, Kreyssig, Ulrici, Gervinus, Herman Isaacs, Boaden, Armitage Brown,

Hallam, Furnival, Spalding, Rossetti, Palgrave and Dowden. These are a few of the peculiarities which stamp the Sonnets as a poetical world unto themselves, revolving amidst clouds and darkness, their real nature screened from the eyes of men.

THE ALLEGORICAL THEORY.

The belief that the Sonnets are allegorical, or allusive, in their nature, has persisted for a number of years, but all attempted interpretations of the supposed allegory have, sooner or later, fallen into pieces from their lack of continuity. The imagined trail has been followed for a few Sonnets, but has soon become lost among the tangled and increasing variety of ideas. Additional difficulty arises from the amount of personal feeling which is diffused in them and which no amount of ingenuity can remove. They seem indelibly stamped with the personality of their author. And yet, the allegorical theory is not, in itself, absurd. The times abounded in that class of composition. A great writer of that period (with apologies to the Old School) said: "Even to this day, if any man would let new light in upon the human understanding, and conquer prejudice, without raising contests, animosities, opposition or disturbance, he must still go in the same path, and have recourse to like methods of Allegory, metaphor and allusion." One of the first writers to advocate the theory of the allusive or allegorical character of the Sonnets was General E. A. Hitchcock, in his small volume published in 1865, entitled "Remarks on the Shakespeare Sonnets," and which contains some searching observations; but the author's interpretations were clouded by a predeliction towards Christian theology, and under the influence of which his mind insensibly framed his explanations. Speaking generally, however, Hitchcock says: "The Sonnets belong to the class of hermetic writings. They carry one sense to the eye and ear, but have another 'ensconced' for the head and heart." This is a theory which in some quarters is rapidly gaining ground; but Hitchcock's failure came from his attempted elucidations. While contending that Immortal Beauty and Goodness are the objects addressed, he was obliged to admit that the Sonnets were written under one rigid idea, or in their present order; that they were composed at different periods of life; that the poet ultimately outgrew his ideals and degenerated to ordinary commonplace. And thus Hitchcock and Shakespeare fell together. Herr Bernstorf, in 1862, considered the Sonnets highly

allegorical; that they referred wholly to the poet, and that the "W. H." of the dedication was none other than "William Himself," a theory adopted by Mr. Godwin. But Bernstorf's interpretations met the barrier of the personal life of the man from Stratford, and went the usual way. Dowden, as noted, believes that many of the Sonnets were written upon abstract themes, such as Time, Beauty, Goodness and Verse, but the task of interpreting the text in detail, upon this theory, seems to have been too heavy for his hand. Even Massey, who is nothing if not realistic, cannot escape the obviously allusive sense which frequently appears, and says: "The Sonnets are left with their meaning half revealed and half concealed. The darkness and difficulty chiefly depend on the dramatic ones being read as personal to Shakespeare." One of the most scholarly and appreciative studies of the Sonnets that has yet appeared is contained in "A New Study of Shakespeare," first published anonymously in England in 1884, but later acknowledged by W. F. C. Wigston. This author concludes that the Sonnets are symbolical and allegorical, and holds that they contain the principles of Shakespeare's art. He connects them and the plays with the origin of the classical drama and with the Platonic philosophy through the Elusinian Mysteries. The work will bear most careful study, and supplies some suggestions which are as keen and pertinent as they are striking. But so far as the Sonnets are concerned, it would seem as if Mr. Wigston has overshot his mark, for, while many of his observations are interesting and cogent, they are suggestive rather than enlightening; and, what is more serious, his theory practically eliminates the warm, personal, passionate, biographical character of the Sonnets, which so thoroughly permeates them, and which has survived the conflicting theories and tumultuous conflict of all the critics. Mr. George Wyndham "recognizes the mysteries of the Sonnets, but lays the riddles aside for a study of the purely artistic excellence of the verse. Yet he tacitly recognizes their parabolical nature, and says that "It is best, perhaps, to take Sidney's advice, and to believe with him that 'there are many mysteries contained in Poetrie which are of purpose written darkly.'" Some of the numbers he pronounces "subtly metaphysical"; some as "steeped in Platonism"; others as of "curious metaphysical significance"; some are "pieces of mingled splendor and obscurity," and contain "transcendental" arguments. As a matter of fact, by the time we are through Mr. Wyndham's admirable "Introduction," the Sonnets have become the most mystical, allusive, symbolical and allegorical of poeti-

cal conceit, and Shakespeare, the untutored and untrammeled child of Nature, sings of profound philosophical and metaphysical abstractions with an art and skill before which even Dante and Sidney become mute. But Mr. Wyndham recognizes the significant fact that the Sonnets, despite their Platonic ideas and allusions, are something different from an exposition of Platonic philosophy, and here he and Mr. Wigston part company. He says: "The phrase—*genio Socratem*—applied to him in the epitaph on his monument, attests his fondness for Platonic theories; he was conversant with these theories, and in the Sonnets he addressed a little audience equally conversant with these theories; it is, therefore, not surprising that he should have borrowed their terminology. In some Sonnets he does so, but the Sonnets are not, therefore, some have argued, an exposition of Plato's theory or of its Florentine development. Shakespeare in certain passages does but lay under contribution the philosophy of his time just as, in other passages, he lays under contribution the art and occupations of his time, and in others, more frequently, the external processes of Nature. His Sonnets are no more a treatise of philosophy than they are a treatise of law."

Mr. H. L. Hosmer, in a volume entitled "Bacon and Shakespeare in the Sonnets" (1887), produces an interpretation based upon an arbitrary "key," in which the different forms of the personal pronoun used in the verses are made to impersonate abstractions of Thought, Beauty and Tragedy and the persons of Bacon and Shakespeare. While this author has caught the allusive sense in some instances, his unyielding "key" leaves him in the end far away from the subtile meanings of the poet. While holding to the Baconian theory of authorship, he makes no comparative studies of the Sonnets themselves, but finds in them a story of Bacon's transfer to Shakespeare of his dramatic writings, and sees in each number of the "Dark Woman" series a description of a Shakespeare Tragedy.

Mr. Jessie Johnson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in a small volume published in 1899 ("Testimony of the Sonnets"), elaborates to some extent the theory that the Sonnets were addressed to Shakespeare, but the unknown author is not identified. Only fifty of the entire 154 numbers are touched upon, and many of them but lightly. No attempt is made at a detailed interpretation. The author is driven, by the necessities of the text, to certain conclusions, among which, that the Stratford man did not write them; that the real author was older than Shakespeare; that they were not addressed to Southampton or Herbert; that they portrayed the real

emotions of the poet; that they have a common theme, and are based upon actual occurrences; that the author's poetry was his only mistress, etc.,—conclusions which we freely indorse, but in a sense and from a point of view which would not, probably, be in return indorsed by Mr. Johnson. Mr. Godwin splits the difference. In his "groupings" of the Sonnets he finds sixty-eight numbers which he looks upon as strictly figurative and as having reference to the poet's art and to his "Higher Muse" or "Genius." The remainder are realistic, and number 21, 25 and 130 are supposed to have been addressed to Anne Hathaway before she became Shakespeare's wife! As another sample of Mr. Godwin's realistic interpretation, will be found the following under number 18: "As the lad repeated these lines to the girl, either at Shottery, her home, or in his father's house, she, if she was the woman I take her to have been, threw her arms about him and gave her some hearty kisses, exclaiming, "Oh, Willie, boy! if ever there was a poet, you are one." But had Mr. Godwin opened his eyes a little wider he might possibly have found more allegory and less realism. Theron S. Dixon in 1895 put forth a work ("Francis Bacon and His Shakespeare") containing new studies of some of the Plays which has not received the attention it merits. Referring in this work to the author of the Sonnets he says: "One, and yet twain; present, yet absent; owning, and yet dispossessed; exalted, and yet unhonored; seemingly indifferent, and yet fondly appreciative; suffering the bitterness of deprivation; such was the turmoil involved in the enactment of this amazing self-parallelism. And, strange to say, it has been graphically portrayed, over and over again, in picture after picture, in a whole series of powerful pictures, drawn by his master hand. Indeed, it is the one continual theme of the Sonnets, their unifying bond, the motive and the burden of their song. To give appropriate expression, in unblushing words, to his lofty appreciation of his own work, in perhaps needful contradiction to his apparent neglect, and yet in such a way as to effectually preclude the premature disclosure of his secret, was the truly formidable difficulty which confronted him. But, Samson-like, by the sheer power of his intellectual might, he slew this lion in his pathway, found honey in its jaws, and put the whole into a riddle, which, as there was really no Delilah in the case, has for ages greatly perplexed both Philistines and the Literati; remaining so utterly inexplicable that even the scholarly Hallam recorded his heartfelt wish that the Sonnets had never been written." Mr. Dixon has written a deeply thoughtful work. He has shot but one arrow at the target of the Sonnets, but that shaft sticks quivering in the gold.

Under the pseudonym of "Junius, Jr.," Mr. John Duggan, of Dunmore, Pennsylvania, published a small work upon the Sonnets in 1894, under the title, "Fair, Kind and True," in which he holds to the Baconian theory of authorship. He claims that "The meaning of the Sonnets is to define and relate the history of the Plays, and other facts connected with the personal history of the poet, told in the Esoteric or Acromatic method of delivery, which to-day exists in these Poems, unfolded in the outside or common meaning," and he believes he finds a cipher relation between the numbers of the Sonnets and certain pages of the Folio edition of the Plays. He thus belongs to the allegorical school, and some of his detailed interpretations show fine discernment and will probaby stand the test of time. A very curious coincidence discovered by him is that the word "threescore" in Sonnet Number 11 is the sixtieth word from the beginning of the verse. Dr. Appleton Morgan, the President of the Shakespeare Society of New York, has, in his most scholarly and thorough work, "A Study in Warwickshire Dialect," made it very nearly impossible to believe that a Stratford-born man could have been author of the poems now attributed to him. But the learned doctor seems a little backward about forming or expressing any opinion as to who the real author was. Several English authors have also taken a turn at solving the great puzzle. J. H. Stotsenburgh and W. Theobald are quite satisfied that Philip Sidney was the true author of the Sonnets, while Mrs. Constance M. Pott, Henry W. Burr and R. M. Theobald adhere to the theory of Bacon's authorship. Samuel Butler (1899) publishes his special brand of the Sonnets after "imagining," "perhapsing," "taking" and "suspecting" to such an extent that, as he naively confesses, it is "shocking" even to himself. He preserves the order of their publication, with three or four exceptions, contends that the whole series was written before 1589, argues Pembroke and Southampton both out of court, adheres to the literal interpretation with a few salacious variations of his own, and finally succeeds in establishing that the identity of "W. H." and of the black mistress are unsolved problems. He changes the text of the Sonnets several times to meet the necessities of his misunderstandings, notably the word "books" in Number 23 to "looks."

Then there are the Baconian cipherists, headed by Dr. Owen and Mrs. Gallup, who maintain that the Sonnets constitute a cipher story of Bacon's early infatuation for Margaret, the wife of Henry of Navarre; it thus appearing that there is as much trouble in the New as in the Old

Schools of Shakespearean scholarship. And, verily, the pathetic exclamation of the author of the Sonnets comes home to us with a present vivid reality: "When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room."

It remains to add another theory which has lately come under my observation through reading a study of the Sonnets in a manuscript of about six hundred pages, not yet published. This investigator, after about five years' study of this vexed question, finds himself driven to the following conclusions: "*First.* That the Sonnets, as well as the Plays, were written by Francis Bacon. *Second.* That in the Sonnets Bacon has given us one of his 'models' or 'platforms' of what he terms 'Parabolical and Allusive Poesy.' *Third.* That the Sonnets are autobiographical to Bacon and relate entirely to him and his art productions. *Fourth.* That their objects are to immortalize his own dramatic and poetic genius, to furnish the grave of, and a monument to, that genius which he buried under the name of 'Shakespeare'; to furnish within themselves, by their allusive nature and their thought connection with his philosophical writings, a contained vitality which, in future ages, would resurrect that genius from its tomb in his own name to live in literary immortality. *Fifth.* Being childless himself, to bequeath to posterity the plays and poems as children of his brain. *Sixth.* That the person or object addressed in the Sonnets, under varied terms of endearment, is himself personalized in his genius or spirit, and figured by the character of the Greek god Cupid, under the latter's two, early and late, manifestations as the oldest and youngest of the Greek gods. *Seventh.* That possibly a very few of the Sonnets are miscellaneous in their character, and published with the others to further mystify the readers of his day."

And thus stands to-day the great problem of the Sonnets and the attempts at its solution, and thus it will stand and thus remain. It will not be enough to lovers of Shakespeare's art to gaze upon the beauty of the veil while that wonderful intelligence is hidden behind it. The subject will be essayed until the enigma is solved and the mind rests in such an interpretation as does full credit to the intellectual greatness of the poet. It is inconceivable that one hundred and fifty-four great lyrics, coined from the best heart's blood of the poet, beaten into perfect form upon the poet's anvil by days and nights of labor, should be nothing but the work of a hired hand for some dissolute nobleman, or

the cringing, obsequious tasks of a lackey fawning upon the hand that strikes him, and publishing to the world the cheap shames of himself and his cheap and unfaithful friend. It is painful that intelligent men could rest satisfied with such a conception of the personal character of that majestic mind from which came Hamlet, The Tempest, and Lear! Better a thousand times, if necessary, to lose forever the personality of the Stratford actor than be barred by such gross and unworthy conceptions from the divine presence of the genius which gave the Sonnets being. The problem is of deep interest, for in the Sonnets alone the personality of the poet comes before us, pulsating with human emotions, yet baffling and mocking us by that wonderful intellectual veil behind which he hides his true features. The life of Shakespeare is so meagre, so unsatisfactory, so inconsistent with his works, that the mind searches with the strongest curiosity every avenue, nook and cranny for additional information concerning him, and, in lieu of facts, builds his personal character, and even details of his life, from the varied sentiments of his writings. If we had but one authentic page of Shakespeare's manuscript containing a hundred words of one of his plays, it would be cherished by the race as a precious thing. "But now he's gone, and our idolatrous fancy must sanctify his relics."

Why should Shakespeare hide his personality in the Sonnets? What use had this child of Nature for metaphysical subtilities worthy the trained mind of some cloistered monk? How comes it that this unsophisticated youth puts to confusion the university priests in their own temples? Why any allegory at all? We explain the imagery taken from natural objects and the countless allusions to Nature, found in the Plays, to the rural surroundings of the youthful Shakespeare and his freedom from the artificiality and verbal niceties of University scholars. We attribute his accurate knowledge of history to his study of Plutarch's Lives and Holinshed's Chronicles; his deep and accurate knowledge of law and forensic procedure we expain by the gratuitous supposition that in his youth he was a lawyer's clerk; his technical familiarity with medicine, gardening, music, navigation, heraldry and Court manners, and his profound knowledge of human nature and the effect of the play of human passions and emotions, by assuming for him a mysterious power of minute and universal observation. But how may we explain his passage from the world of sense to the realms of scholastic abstractions, of comparative philosophies, of recondite speculations and the powers of the unseen? Really, we have never found

a satisfactory answer to this question. We wonder, but do not explain. And the chances are that we will "wonder on" until the mystery of the Sonnets is solved, and "truth makes all things plain." Had the name "Shakespeare" been but a pseudonym, with no person answering to it, a solution of these mysteries might before this have been universally recognized. But the screen of a personality is forever before our faces, and not until that is drawn aside may we begin to view this subject in its true light. F. C. HUNT.

MARGINALIA

Mr. Frank Lea Short has deserved well of Shakespearean students. His production at Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse, in New York City, of an Elizabethan stage, with a Shakespeare tragedy and comedy thereon, was, as far as modern conditions allow, exact. And those dramatic critics who have ridiculed and sneered at Mr. Short and his show have ridiculed and sneered, not at Mr. Short, but at an Elizabethan stage and at a Shakespeare tragedy and a Shakespeare comedy thereon!

Fifteen years ago, in 1888, Dr. James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, wrote to the New York Shakespeare Society that Dr. Goedertz, of Berlin, had discovered in the Royal Prussian Library in that city a letter written from London in 1595 by the Dominie John de Witt, Canon of St. Mary's Cathedral in Utrecht, to friends at home, in which he mentions, among his sightseeing tours in London, a visit to the Swan Theatre. The Society's experiences of "finds" in Shakespearean matters had led it to be cautious and wary. But Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps seemed impressed with the veracity of this one, and upon minute examination the Society was able to concur. Dominie de Witt's letter, barring the parenthetical explanation in Dutch, is entirely in Latin, and runs as follows:

"Ampiteatra Londonij sunt IV visendae pulchritudinis quae a diversis intersignijs diversa nomina sortiuntur-in ijs varia quotidie scaena populo exhibetur, Horumduo excellentior a ultra Tamisim ad meridiem sita sunt a suspensis signis Rosa et Cygnus nominata, Alia duo extra urbem ad septrenionem sunt, via qua itur per Episcopalem portano vulgaritur 'Biscopgat' nuncupatam. Est etiam quintum sed dispari et structura bestiorum conceitationi destinatum, in quo multi ursi, Tauri, et stupdendi magnitudinis canes, discretis caneis et septis oluntur, qui ad pugnam adservantur, jocun dissimum hominibus spectaculum praebentes Theatorum autem omnium praestantis simum est ad amplissimum id cujus intersignium est Cygnus (vulgo, te Theatre off te

cign) quippe quod tres mille homines in sedibus admittat, constructum excoacerrum injens in Brittania copia est) ligneis suffultum columnis quae ob illitum marmoreum colorem, natutissi mos quogue fallere possent. Cujus quidem formam quod Romani operis umbram videatur exprimere supra adpinxi." A rough translation of which might be: "You find in London four beautiful theatres, well worthy of remark, which are distinguished by signs as well as by names, in which a variety of plays are exhibited for the entertainment of the people. Two of these are southwardly from the centre of the city, across the river Thames, and are called, respectively, The Rose and The Swan. Two others are north of these through Bishops-gate, or what is commonly called 'Bishopsgut.' There is also a fifth, of a somewhat dissimilar character, in which bears and bulls are kept and fed in cages to be brought out to be fought with immense dogs, to the great delight of the spectators. But of all these theatres, most notable is the one distinguished by the sign of the Swan, and hence called The Swan Theatre. This theatre will seat three thousand spectators. It is built of flint stone (or pyrites), a material which abounds in Great Britain, and is ornamented with wooden columns, so cleverly stained to imitate marble as to deceive any but a very close observer. As its shape seems to be modelled upon the ordinary Roman work, I send you a picture of it.

The Society printed this letter and sketch in the seventh volume of its Bankside Shakespeare, and the sketch has been liberally and constantly reproduced elsewhere ever since,—in newspapers, magazines, and in dozens of important works upon dramatic matters,—and is absolutely unique and valuable in this quest. In exactly reproducing his stage in material from the de Witt sketch, Mr. Short has therefore taken no chances, and assumed guarantee for no conjectural propositions as to what an Elizabethan stage was like, drawn from Stubbs, Northcote, or even from the less vindictive modern, Henri Taine (though the latter's description of the ensemble of one of the Shakspearean playhouses, with all its banality and general unpleasantness, is undoubtedly, sad as it all is, the best and truest we have). He is actually within the Fact!

Dominie de Witt, being a stranger in London, was minute, as strangers are apt to be, and his record is beyond invaluation. Londoners—Forman, Manningham, and many others—have told us about the plays, but Dominie de Witt alone has given us exact particulars in his thnmbnail sketch of what the actual interiors were like. I may add that the Dominie's sketch shows (unless a pretty careful examination of

the plays running in London at that date in London is awry) the stage of The Swan during a performance of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night at the point where Malvolio is strutting before the Lady Olivia and the forewise and uncommunicative Maria. (This conclusion rather worries the dates usually given for Twelfth Night, anticipating them by almost twenty years. But what are surmises before visible facts?)

Mr. Short, therefore, by exactly following this de Witt sketch, has, beyond any peradventure, given us for the first time in New York City an actual representation of an Elizabethan theatre in Shakespeare's day! For the rest, Mr. Short has preserved everything possible to give his audience the raissemblance and the perspective. He has not, indeed, in his representation of the contemporary and synchronous spectator, whom (also his actors) he has presented to clap and guy alternately with interspersed hawkers of apples and flower girls, put his fine ladies into boys' clothes, or made his courtiers and gallants seat themselves upon the stage itself, to toss the actors in the piece in blankets, or to smoke church-warden pipes of the Virginia weed. Nor has he wound up the play with a "Prayer for the Queen," for nobody knows whether that "Prayer" was verbal, or only a flourish of the herald's trumpet, or an Epilogue's gesture. Nor, since the training of boys to play women's parts has lain in innocuous desuetude for some three hundred years, was Mr. Short able, at ten days' notice, to give the part of Juliet to a boy, or that of Rosalind to a boy who should pretend to be a girl who was pretending to be a boy. "Non omnia possimus omnes et tempora mutantur." We might as fitly ask that he remove the orchestra chairs, and stable horses during the intervals of performance, so that the pit could be in the condition of an inn yard, or take the roof off the playhouse itself, so that rain might deluge the spectators! But Mr. Short gave us a real Elizabethan playhouse and a real Shakespearean mounting to a Shakespeare play, and that was what he started out to do.

The newspaper criticism that the "Romeo and Juliet" and "As You Like It" were quite too largely cut was itself afield. No Shakespeare play was ever played in Shakespeare's day to the extent to which we have it in the First Folio. The conditions would not have allowed it. The play was begun at four and ended at six—"the two hours' traffic of our stage"—to begin with, and, as what the audience wanted was the story, the episodes,—as they cared nothing for the introspection, the philosophy, and the politics,—this was time enough. It is a long subject, but anyone who will look at the Hamlet (for example) as played

(the first Quarto) and the Hamlet as printed in the second Quarto, will absorb the whole matter distinctly as it is. No one who has missed Mr. Short's reproduction of the Elizabethan stage can realize how much he has missed—that is, if he has missed anything he was interested in at all.

TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY YEARS' APPRECIATION in prices of the First Folio—the four Daly Folios— according to the following letter: "300 West Seventy-sixth Street, New York, April 4, 1901. Dr. Appleton Morgan, New York. Dear Sir:—I find that our estimate of the cost of the manufacture of the Shakespeare folios of 1623 is more difficult than I had supposed. The items are:

	£	s.	d.
Typesetting, 578 pages, including make-up and proof-reading, about 400 days at 10d per day	16	13	4
Press work, 145 days for two men, or 290 days at 8d per day.	9	13	4
Paper, 300 reams, not counting outside of retree sheets at 30d	37	10	0
Binding in leather at 14d each, 500	29	3	4
	£ 93	0	0
To this the printer added one-half more for incidentals and profit	46	10	0
	£139	10	0

This £139.10 is probably what the publisher of the book had to pay, making the cost per copy (500) about 5 shillings and 7 pence. The folio book in 1623 (of four thicknesses) sold for from 10s. to 12s. This may seem an enormous advance. But it should be recollected that the book was slow of sale. If I recollect aright, it took more than forty years (1623-1664) to sell two editions of Shakespeare. Yours very truly, Theodore L. DeVinne." Judging, as Mr. DeVinne does, that five hundred is as large a number of copies of this Folio as a prudent publisher would have dared to manufacture in 1623 (for that there was no great demand for dramatic literature at that date we know from all sources), we are able to construct the following table of appreciations, supposing (a liberal figure according to the above) that the Folio sold at retail for one pound sterling:

1623	Jaggard, Blount, Smithweek and Aspley	$ 5 00
1758	Copy owned by Martin Folkes, President of the Royal Society	15 75

1787	Dr. Wright's copy	50 00
1790	Duke of Roxburge paid	190 50
1799	Thomas Allen's copy	205 00
1812	Roxburghe's copy, now the Duke of Devonshire's (13 1-8 inches high)	500 00
1818	Saunder's copy (Dibdin said: "The highest price ever likely to be given")	608 00
1847	Wilks' copy (the Hibbert copy)	775 00
1854	Gardner's copy (from the Wilks and Hibbert sales, now in the Alfred H. Huth collection)	1,250 00
1864	Daniel's copy (the Moore, Booth and Rokewood copy; cost Daniel £150; now in the library of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts)	3,580 50
1878	C. H. Kalbfleish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., paid for the Robert Tait copy	2,400 00
	Same copy	3,580 50
1884	Copy purchased by Mrs. Pope (cost £79 9s 6d, with commission and expenses)	3,750 00
1888	Copy sold privately by Quaritch (now Mr. Church's)	6,000 00
1891	Ives's copy (the Tite-Robinson and Cooke, now Mr. White's)	4,200 00
1899	Copy discovered in Belgium, 12 7-8 x 8 3-8 inches (now MacGeorge's)	8,500 00
1899	Toovey's copy (now J. Pierpont Morgan's)	5,000 00
1901	Copy purchased by the younger Quaritch	8,600 00
1900	Daly's copy (now Mr. Ellsworth's)	5,400 00
1902	Hibbert sale	5,252 00

The later occasional dip in prices is, of course, owing to conditions, tallness, etc., and does not interrupt this enormous increase in value, which in another century may reach its hundreds of thousands of dollars (and let us be thankful to the paper makers of that date for their share in the matter. Had they yielded to the temptation of wood pulp and sulphuric acid there would be no Folios at all by this time). It will be observed that the private and public copies of greatest value are now in the United States, the New York Public Library (Astor, Tilden and Lenox foundation) possessing the greatest number of First Folios of any one library in the world.

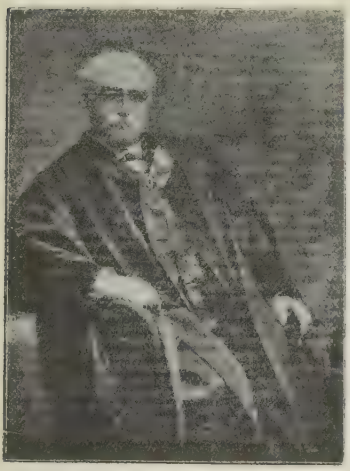
Upon this basis, the entire cost of manufacturing the 500 copies of the First Folio was from $9,700 to $13,900, according to Dr. Halliwell

Phillipps, who says (Outlines, &c., 9th Edition, I., xxi.): "In balancing the Shakespearean and present currencies, the former may be roughly estimated as from a twelfth to a twentieth of the latter in money, and from a twentieth to a thirtieth in landed or house property, and even these scales may be deceptively in favor of the oldest value, on account of a then fictitious value of money." (What interest at that date disbursed so large a sum upon a work for which there could have been so slight a demand is a curious question, not to be gone into here, however.) We present as frontispiece to this issue engravings of the title pages of the Four Folios, brought together by the late Augustin Daly, Esq., and purchased at the sale of his library by another prominent life member of the New York Shakespeare Society for $7,800, of which sum, as seen in our table above, $5,400 was for the First Folio. The catalogue description of these four folios was as follows:

Shakespeare (William). Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Jaggard and Blount, London, 1623. An exceedingly good copy of the First Folio, measuring 12 7-8 by 8 1-8 inches. The verses opposite the title are inlaid, and the title and last leaf partly remargined. The Droeshout portrait is a brilliant impression and the text is sound throughout. Folio, red levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Bedford, in a brown levant case. ——— Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. The second impression. Portrait by Droeshout, and verses facing. Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Robert Allet, 1632. A fine copy of the Second Folio, measuring 12 1-2 by 8 1-2 inches. Folio, red levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Bradstreet, in brown levant case. ——— Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. The Third impression. London, printed for P. C., 1664. Fine, perfect copy of the Third Folio, with the Droeshout portrait, and verses underneath. Size 13 by 8 1-4 inches. Folio, red levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Bradstreets, in brown morocco case. ——— Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Unto which is added seven plays never before printed in folio. London, printed for H. Herringman, etc., 1685. The fourth edition. Fine copy of the Fourth Folio, 13 3-4 by 9 inches, with portrait and verses. Folio, red levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Bradstreets, in brown levant case.

The Second Folio is really a second edition of the First, from the same forms, with its desultory and haphazard pagination (upon which so many curious "cipher" theories have been threaded), made consecutive, and many of its typographical errors corrected. The Third and Fourth Folios were each entirely reset, and each makes for itself a new collection of rare old typographical errors!

IT IS WITH KEEN PLEASURE THAT WE ARE ABLE TO CORRECT the statement lately made that Dr. Furness' magnificent New Variorum Edition was to omit the Historical Plays. That would indeed have been Aladdin's Palace with more than one unfinished window! The Messrs. Lippincott now authoritatively announce that Dr. Furness will himself complete the Tragedies and Comedies, but commit the Histories to his son, Horace Howard Furness, Jr. Mr. Furness, Jr., who, with the publication of a revised edition of Macbeth, appears for the first time as the editor of a volume of the Variorum Edition of Shakespeare's plays, is, like his distinguished father, a resident of Philadelphia. He is a brother of William Henry Furness, 3d, the explorer, whose work in the field of ethnology and geographical investigation has brought him to the attention of many scientific bodies both at home and abroad. He is a college-bred man and studied English literature under Prof. Child, of Cambridge, the eminent scholar and critic of Shakespeare. Mr. Furness has been a close and earnest student of Shakespeare almost since his school days under the personal direction of his father, and he has had the use of one of the finest Shakespearean libraries in existence in his father's house at Wallingford, Pennsylvania. He has also been associated with his father in the work of editing; and, in the revised edition of Macbeth as well as in the Histories, the lines



already familiar to students of that monumental work will not be departed from.

"I was a boy in my teens," says Dr. Furness to an interviewer of the New York *Times*, "when I first heard Mrs. Kemble read, but from that moment I belonged to Shakespeare. She could have won any one to the love and study of his perfect verse. It is not possible now to separate the beauty of the text from the beauty of the reader, but neither is it necessary to try. The result was there, and that was enough—that sweet, dark-browed woman, with her expressive eyes and telling voice, putting life and her own gracious personality into the words that had been written two hundred years before. I never missed a chance to hear her, nor one when I might re-read for myself what I had heard from her platform.

"Later I joined a Shakespeare society, formed here under her inspiration, and we commenced to work in earnest. Soon we found we were thrashing old wheat. The editors we were reading repeated not only each other, but themselves. Even the 'Variorum' of 1821 helped us very little, as we found it did not embody the findings of all the editors who had studied and written before that date. In short, we realized we had no adequate text to work with, and in my enthusiasm and temerity I decided to attempt to prepare one myself. I was never so frightened in my life as I was when I had got actually to work, and I shall never forget how we all worried over the details—whether the page should be of folio or quarto size, whether the notes should be at the bottom of the pages or collected at the back—and I dare say we had twenty proof sheets, of one kind and another, pulled for the first few pages before we could make our minds.

"The main point is that we got started. That was a good many years ago; I was thirty-five or thirty-six—and I have been at the work ever since. I soon found I had not only to gather up the results of the study of the years between 1821 and that day of my first labors; I had to go back to the very beginning, so much that was valuable had been neglected, but I have consistently tried to eliminate my own personality, and become a mere pair of scissors. I am only an editor, after all, and to the public it is not necessary that Horace Howard Furness should be more than a name."—But with this latter proposition nobody will agree!

Herbert Spencer's opinions anent Shakespeare should not escape

quotation. In his "Facts and Comments" he says that "inspection of the rhythm may lead us to consider that the reputation of Shakespeare is at present too high. The judgment of his devoted admirer, Ben Jonson, who, when told that Shakespeare never blotted out a line, remarked that he would have done better to blot a thousand, is probably nearer the mark than the judgment now current, which implies the belief that everything he wrote is good. To anyone unswayed by fashion, it is manifest that amid the great mass of that which is supremely excellent there are many things which are far from excellent." An example of the oscillation of opinion with regard to authors is drawn from our own day. "Early in the seventies the reputation of George Eliot reached its zenith. Soon afterwards it began to decline, and some few years ago had fallen to its nadir. Recently a reaction set in. Inspection of these movements will make it clear that if the esimate of thirty years ago was in excess, that of five years ago was in defect; and, that, hereafter, her rank will be considerably higher than it is now." Mr. Spencer does not note, however, that Ben Johnson is suspected of not having been such a "devoted admirer" of Shakespeare, after all, and that there have been two distinct epochs of declension in opinion as to the Dramatist's estimation.

Among the posthumous printed papers of Frederick II. of Prussia is found the following: "To convince yourself of the little taste which has hitherto predominated in Germany, you need but repair to the public theatres. There you will see the abominable productions of Shakespeare, translated into our language, performed, while the audience are dying with pleasure, as they listen to ridiculous farces, worthy of the savages of America. I call them thus because they offend against all the rules of the theatre—rules not in themselves rules that you will find in the Poetics of Aristotle, in which the unities of time, place and action are prescribed, as the only means of rendering tragedies affecting: whereas in these English plays, the time is protracted to the duration of years. Where is probability? Now we behold porters and gravediggers, who appear and hold discourse worthy of themselves, and afterward enter princes and queens. How can so strange a mixture of grandeur and meanness, tragedy and farce, affect and please? Shakespeare may be pardoned such caprice, because the birth of the arts is never their point of perfection.

"But here we have a Goetz von Berlichingen, who makes his appearance a detestable imitation of these bad English productions; and the

pit applauds and enthusiastically demands a repetition of such disgusting dullness. Tastes, I know, must not be disputed. Permit me, however, to observe that those who are as much pleased by rope dancers and puppet shows as by the tragedies of Racine only desire to kill time; they prefers that which speaks to their eyes to that which appeals to their understanding, and delight in shows more than in the passions of the heart."

A PROPHECY PROMPTLY FULFILLED. ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS! We seem as unable to keep "Sidney Lee" out of these pages as was Mr. Dick to keep Charles the First's head out of the Memorial! We noted (ante, Vol. I., page 19) Dr. Morgan's prophecy that owners of First Folios in this country permitting so new-hatched, unfledged an "authority" to "census" them, would not only have occasion to sympathetically regret their complaisance, but might even find the commercial value of their Folios impaired.

Well, this precious "Census" is here (permanently attached, we regret to say, to the noble Oxford fac-simile). And, while it gratifies us to state that owing to Sidney's struggles, no copies owned in England have suffered, it is with less satisfaction that we find a column and a half signed by Mr. Robert F. Roden (one of the best Shakespeare bibliographers, if not the very best, we have) in *The New York Times' Saturday Review of Books and Art* for January 31, 1903, headed "American Collectors Object to His [Lee's] First Folio Census." We quote, for lack of space, but a single specification, viz.: "In relation to the fine copy formerly owned by Marshall Clifford Lefferts, now owned by William Augustus Read, Lee gives the measurement at 12 3-8 by 8 3-16 inches, and says it is clean and unwashed, but has the 'flyleaf inlaid and lower margin of title mended, and imprint supplied in fac-simile.' The quoted part is almost wholly false. Mr. Leffert's description, as furnished to Lee, reads as follows: 'Leaf of verses inlaid—i. e., part of blank margin restored. Title has lower margin mended, affecting the concluding portion of last line of imprint. All other leaves, including last, in original condition and free from mends or defects.'"

The warning which the President of The New York Shakespeare Society took the trouble to manifold to all prominent American newspapers in localities where First Folios were known to be, was printed by all receiving it, except this very *Times' Saturday*. Perhaps hereafter the *Times' Saturday* will not curtail its own usefulness by disregarding

a prophecy to be so promptly announced (and in its own pages, too!) as fulfilled! But we doubt it. The tradition that opinion on bookish matters, to be valuable, must be manufactured in England, is as normal in these days, when an International Copyright necessitates simultaneous publication here of English books, as it was in Colonial times. The tradition that anything that gets itself "into print" is holy writ is hardly more persistent. Both will doubtless survive in some quarter or other until the crack of doom. And while we note with pleasure that the Messrs. Methuen, of London, have fac-similes of all four of the Folios, to be immediately issued, and so see a promise of better things, we are still very sorry that after half a century of devotion to these fields Englishmen will begin anew to draw conclusions as to American Shakespeare scholarship from our importation of the very newest volunteer in that line to "lecture" us!

While we scarce expect that the New York Times' *Saturday Review, etc.*, will ever rain down flatteries upon us to such extent that we will be obliged to raise our umbrella lest its precious balms break our head, we have still the highest respect for that *Review*. Like the Man at the Organ, it is doing the best it can! It has a big field to cover and a very small maximum price at which to attempt it. But it has a weekly correspondent in London, supposed to keep it posted as to anouncements of the English book-market, proposals of book-writers, etc., who, however, happily intersperses his trade announcements with his own Opinions upon all known literary questions, delivered with a courage that is beyond admiration! Mr. Alden's proud Opinions, half-baked or otherwise, are nearly always most interesting! Especially this one, viz.: "Mr. John Murray announces a new book dealing with the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, if that can be called a controversy on one side of which there is no argument whatever." This (in its pages of February 14, 1903) is thundering i' the Index, drinking up Eisel, eating a crocodile, indeed! Profoundly as Mr. Alden may believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, we respectfully demur to anybody's claim that "there is no argument whatever" to the contrary! Shakespeare has still some standing in Court! Would Mr. Alden claim, for example, that a Bible scholar who believed that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, could not, on that account alone, be a Biblicist or an Hebraist? New Shakespeareana's motto, plainly displayed, is Weder Irrgläubig noch Altgläubig nur

Shakespeare! And if there is anything in the Baconian Theory, we propose in these pages to sift and sift away until we get at it, whatever it is! But for Mr. Alden, or for any other Baconian, from Lord Palmerston or Lord Penzance to Anonymity, to claim that the proposition that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, is, like a proposition in Euclid—all on one side—is quite too ex-cathedra for human nature's daily food!

BOOKS RECEIVED

[Subject to second and extended Review. Publishers will please not expect acknowledgment or review of Editions of the Plays from sample volumes thereof. Such reviews would be as unjust to them as to ourselves. We shall always critically examine and describe the advantages of COMPLETE Editions which are sent to this TABLE.]

73. **Shakespeare and His Forerunners**; Studies in Elizabethan Poetry and Its Development from Early English; by Sidney Lanier. Illustrated. Imperial 8vo de luxe, 2 v. New York: Doubleday. Page & Co., 1902. $10.00.

74. **The Problems of the Shakespeare Plays**; by George C. Bourpas. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 120. London: Sompson Lowe, Marston & Co.

75. **The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy**; a Report of the Trial of an Issue in Westminster Hall, June 20th, 1627; read in the Inner Temple Hall, May the 29th, 1902, and prepared for publication by William Willis, Treasurer of the Honorable Society of the Inner Temple. Boards; pp. 170; quarto. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

76. **Lord Penzance on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy**; a Judicial Summing-up; by the Right Hon. James Plaisted Wilde, Baron Penzance. Edited by M. H. Kinnear, with a biographical note by F. A. Inderwick, K. C. Cloth, 2mo; pp. 200. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

77. **Shakespeare Wars. Shakespeare and Voltaire**; by Thomas R. Lounsbury, L. H. D., LL. D., Professor of English in Yale University. Cloth; 8 vo; pp. 451. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

78. **Abendiki Caldwell,** a Burlesque Historical Novel; by Carolyn Wells. Illustrated with numerous engravings from the original wood blocks. Boards; 12mo; pp. 289. New York: R. H. Russell.

57. **Shakespeare in France Under the Ancient Regime**; by J. J. Jusserand; cloth; crown, 8vo; pp. 500; illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

58. **The English Novel in Shakespeare's Time**; by J. J. Jusserand. Cloth; crown, 8vo; pp. 450; illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

26. **Exercises at the Unveiling of the Bust of Edgar Allan Poe, in the Library of the University of Virginia, October 7, 1899**; compiled by Charles W. Kent. Crown, 8vo; cloth; pp. 100. Richmond: J. R. Bell & Co. $1.00

59. **New Glimpses of Poe**; by James A. Harrison, Professor in the University of Virginia; 8vo; cloth; pp. 48. New York: M. F. Mansfield & Co. $1.00

60. **Edgar Allan Poe**; by John A. Joyce. Cloth; pp. 218; illustrated. New York: F. Tennyson Neely Co. $1.50.

61. **In My Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere**; by Rev. Henry N. Ellacombe, M. A.; portrait. Cloth; pp. 222. New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head.

62. **The Poems of Henry Abbey**; Third Edition, enlarged; cloth; pp. 290; author's edition. Kingston, New York.

63. **Phaetheon**; a supplemental Ovidian Mvth, with three other stories in verse and a prose contention. Cloth; pp. 126. Kingston, New York: Styles & Kiersted.

66. **Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic**; with an Essay on the Art of Henry Irving; by Henry Austin Clapp. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 241; six portraits. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

69. **Words and Their Ways in English Speech; by** James Bradstreet Greenough and George Truman Kittredge, Professors of Latin and of English at Harvard University. 8vo; cloth; pp. 500. New York: Macmillan & Co.

9. **Shakespeare in Art**; by Sadakichi Hartmann. Plates; 12mo; cloth; pp. 370. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2.00.

8. **Shakespeare in Music**; a collection of the chief musical allusions in the Plays of Shakespeare, etc., together with much of their original music; by Louis C. Elson. 12mo; cloth; gilt; illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2.00.

9. "During my student days in Philadelphia," says Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann in his preface to "Shakespeare in Art," "I happened to associate with a class of students who dined and supped upon Shakespeare, and who published a little magazine entitled *Shakespeareana*, devoted entirely to textual, aesthetic and biographical criticisms." (That "little magazine" was the good seed which grew up into the Quarterly Shakespeareana, so long conducted by the New York Shakespeare Society, and of which NEW SHAKESPEAREANA is the successor.) Mr. Hartmann has no cause to be over-modest about the letter-press of this book, which is clear-cut and discriminating. And in a field which requires so strong a head as the field of Shakespeareana this is saying much. Here are thirty-two interpretations of scenes from the plays: Miranda and Ferdinand, by Kaulbach; Hafften's Heath scene from Hamlet, von Czarchorski's Hamlet and the Players, Hamlet and the Gravedigger, by Daznan-Bouveret, etc. Mr. Hartmann's is a most convenient and readable book.

8. All commendable, too, is another book in similarly illuminated covers, sent us by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co.—"Shakespeare in Music," by Louis C. Elson. This is a remarkably condensed account of the music used in Shakespeares' own time and since in presenting his Plays, and is invaluable in filling this gap now in our Shakespeare libraries, and it is no small one to fill, either! Mr. Elson is very thorough in contemporary matters, and notes that the music to Ben Jonson's exquisite "Drink to me only with thine eyes" is really of the same date as the poetry. (We had always heard it credited to Mozart.) We are glad to believe it, on Mr. Elson's authority. But we are sorry he omits that "Danish March," of which Dr. Morgan, in the Bankside (VII., page 51) says: "At line 1,249 of the First Quarto Hamlet we have the stage directions, 'Enter King, Queen, Corambis and other lords.' In the second, 'Enter trumpets and kettle-drums,' etc. But in the First Folio we have 'Enter,' etc., etc., 'Danish March, sound a flourish,' the words 'Danish March' being a clear enough indication that a regard to the place of the dramatic action was beginning to be regarded as a part of the stage business.

61. The Rev. Mr. Ellacombe, whose "Plant lore of Shakespeare" is well remembered, sends this book out to all floriculturists, only one

chapter being devoted to Shakespearean matters, in which he gossips about Shakespeare's silence as to dogs, tobacco and architecture (we allow the tobacco, but are not so sure about the dogs!). Mr. Ellacombe says the only approach to mention of architecture in the Plays is Duncan's "This castle has a pleasant seat. The guest of summer, the temple-haunting martlet, by his loved masonry, hath," etc., etc. Mr. Ellacombe may be right. This passage, by the way, reminds us of Montaigne's Essay IV., "Apology for Raimon"): "The swallows that we see at the return of the Spring searching all the corners of our houses for the most commodious places wherein to build their nests—do they seek without judgment, and, amongst a thousand, choose the most proper for their purpose without discretion? And in that elegant and admirable contexture of these buildings can birds rather make choice of a square figure rather than a round, of an obtuse angle rather than of a right angle, without knowing their properties and effect?" The coincident is, we think, remarkable. By the way, Mr. Ellacombe remarks, on page 209, "I have often wondered that no book has been written on Shakespeare as a musician." He should read Mr. Elson's fine book just noticed.

66. Mr. Henry A. Clapp writes a chirpy, cheerful and readable book, and tells several new stories. The following is almost beyond belief: "I was so foolish to get into an argument with Fechter concerning his theory of Hamlet. Mr. Fechter defended his conception and declared that the Prince did not procrastinate, but pursued his task with vigor. * * * 'Now,' he said, 'what can you answer to this, Mr. Clapp? Do you not recall the words of Hamlet's father in the Queen's closet, "I come to wet thy almost blunted purpose"?' That inquiry ended the discussion. It was plain that Mr. Fechter has never distinguished 'whet' from 'wet,' and had no notion of the force of 'blunted.' His idea was that the ghost's declared purpose was to 'wet down' and so reduce the excessive flame of Hamlet's zeal." Mr. Clapp tells this story to illustrate "the certainty that a player who is using a foreign language will make some blunder in handling a classic of that language, in spite of his pains and industry."

73. Two splendidly manufactured and sumptuously bound books in the glory of gules and gold! Perhaps a bit too sumptuous for the scholarly suspicion that some disability of marrow of text or comment may compensate within the crass or the slipshod, as in Walters' or Mabie's books on Shakespeare. But Lectures are lectured, and one lec-

ture differeth from another (and should) according to the point of view of the lecturer. If Mr. Lanier, in blazing his way to Shakespeare, deals with only those forerunners who have impressed Mr. Lanier most, he is quite within his privilege. The greatest merit of these Lectures is, however, that being a poet himself, Mr. Lanier has set himself to deal with the music, the vocal tone of and "tone shades" of Shakespeare's versification. And, while somewhat too attenuated for rapid perusal, these parts of the book are well worthy of slow study. As a phenomena of sounds and the combinations of sounds (or, if you will, "tone colors"), we may find the poetry of Shakespeare here regarded upon a sufficient even if an unfamiliar scale. The consideration of these tone colors, "the Shakespearean system of sound notation," leads Mr. Lanier to what is rarely practical, namely, to the pronunciation of Shakespeare. Mr. A. J. Ellis' huge work of four volumes upon Early English pronunciation, published by the Early English Text Society, is of course unique. Dr. Price, in the fifth volume of the Bankside, gave a tremendously recondite scheme for this tone system Shakespeare alone, and for one Play alone—the Othello. There was in the *North American Review* for 1864 a thoughtful paper by John D. Noyes and Charles S. Pierce on the subject. Richard Grant White printed a peculiarly informative chapter on Shakespeare's Pronunciation in his first edition of the Plays (printed by Little, Brown & Co. in Boston about forty years ago, though, still, we think, procurable.) Dr. Morgan, in his "Study in the Warwickshire Dialect," goes no further than the Puns in the Plays, which, he argues, depending solely upon the idem sonans of the words they play upon, must necessarily give us the facts as to this pronunciation. Mr. Lanier developes his own system, and we refer the student to his clear chapters themselves. He makes some unusually sensible remarks upon the "verse tests," upon which some of us are not as crazy to-day as some others once were not so many seasons since! We have always believed that all they amounted to was that, as a youngster, Shakespeare wanted to put his Plays into rhymes, but as he grew older, discovered that he himself could be more fluent and his actors more proficient in blank verse. Mr. Lanier's chapters upon Elizabethan domestic life, physicians, etc., are very good. The volumes are freely illustrated with pictures, which, if not always germane to the texts they face, are certainly not out of place in a work of this kind.

77. Professor Lounsbury has undertaken to write the long-lacking but hitherto unattempted history of Shakespeare criticism, and it could

have been committed to no more careful or more competent hands. He has chosen to label the series of volumes in which he writes it—with more grim truth than poetry—"Shakespeare Wars," and the present volume, Shakespeare and Voltaire, is the second of this series, the first, Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist, having been reviewed on page 53 of Volume I. The series, when completed, will receive later on in our pages that critical review which it will deserve, instead of these necessarily transpiring notices. For that these volumes will become standard and permanent in the library of Shakespeare no one who opens them can doubt. The volume before us portrays the era when Voltaire, to emphasize by contrast to his countrymen the severely classic unities and formulares in which he supposed himself to excel, to present to them the frightful example of "a drunken savage," who neglected these unities, et cetera, introduced to them Shakespeare, and so throned a rival before whom he himself was to disappear forever! The present volume, however, reveals Professor Lounsbury's project and system. The purpose of the first volume, Shakespeare as a Dramatic Critic, was to demonstrate that the controversy between the classic and the romantic in dramatic literature was in evidence as vigorously in Shakespeare's own day as it has been at any time since. The second, the present volume, chronicles the temporary victory of classicism over romanticism, and that the downfall, after its temporary victory, of this classicism, came mostly from the effort to make it still more triumphant. Dr. Lounsbury's third volume "will deal with the difficulties which exist in ascertaining definitely the text of Shakespeare and the controversies which early sprang up in regard to the proper method of its settlement."

78. If Mr. Stanley J. Weyman and Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. George W. Cable, and the other gentlemen whose names escape us, will accept our friendly warning, they will "watch out" for Miss Carolvn Wells! For, whereas they have none of them ever dared to put more than six hairbreadth escapes into one chapter, or to make their hero kill more than two hundred villains in five seconds, Miss Carolyn Wells can put ten hairbreadth escapes upon one page, and her heroes kill easily three hundred at a blow and beckon for more to come on! Moreover, her pictures have a variety theirs can never hope to approach. Sir Somebody Something of Somewhere, for example, kills two or three hundred men to save a stagecoach with the fairest and most beauteous and divinest and most and so forth maiden in Christendom inside! And each of the four sword strokes with which he does it is illustrated by a scene

from (1) a fight on shipboard, (2) a battlefield piled with slain, (3) a duel in a boudoir, and (4) a murder in a balloon, a la The Great Ruby. We never read a more delightful book. As the handbills of the continuous performance houses say, "It is fifty laughs in fifty seconds." Miss Wells is incomparable.

57. 58. About the only thing "novel" in "The English Novel in Shakespeare's Time" is the proposition to call Lyly's Euphues and Sydney's Arcadia "novels." Still, in this and in "Shakespeare in France" there is a vast amount of unusually inaccessible matter brought together, and M. Jussrand adds many sagacious reflections. The volumes are illustrated with pictures out of other works, chosen by some process hard to guess at. But the two books are, in a sense, not out of place.

26. 59. 60. We think Col. Joyce's much the best of these three books, because telling us so many stories about Poe which the others don't. To be sure, Professor Harrison has something new of Poe in the way of biography, which is why, of the two, his book is better than Professor Kent's, which is only a report of the unveiling of the Poe bust, mainly the Mabie oration, which, besides being Mr. Mabie's familiar Chadbandian outfit of "Beauty" and "Joy," and so on, has already done duty in various newspapers and magazines, and, by the way, only mentions Poe by name twice or three times, anyhow!

62. 63. The Poems of Henry Abbey are before us in a third edition, and it is a tonic to sad souls in the present deluge of prose fiction (ten per cent. of it would be a deluge!) to open this book of quiet, pictorial and delicate literary workmanship. Mr. Abbey is a facile composer. He is our American Crabbe. He loves facts mostly, and narrative. But no tale is too graphic for the rhyme of which he is so despotic a master, and we will look far to find his equal in compressing an episode into a distich! While Mr. Abbey prefers the neutral tints, he can be sensuous if his story requires it. Here is a stanza:

> Round a fountain in the center of the golden burnished room, danced the dancers, played the players, to the music of its fall;
> While without, upon the balcony, amid the sylvan gloom, one lone nightingale was singing, and with sadness mocked us all!

And he can put masses of color upon his plates! and while he prefers the Dorian he can be Corinthian, too. We do not care to hazard mention of Mr. Abbey's superior among living poets.

69. Perhaps the adult world, or, at any rate, the world outside the cloisters does not exactly revel in perusal of that professorial patness which brings down the applause of the class room. Perhaps this is why the following, extracted from a book gotten up by two learned professors in a great University, strikes us as somewhat infra dig! "As in 'how is he? He's not very well,' compare the colloquial 'I am nicely, thank you.' So in Shakespeare's 'that's verily,' and the Latin 'bene est?'" (page 238. "Thus in Shakespeare, 'death marked' might be 'marked for death' (page 274). "Physiology has changed its opinion, and nobody would venture to mention 'liver, brain and heart in a single verse as Shakespeare did" [Query, why not?] (page 295). "We may compare the contemptuous 'much' in Elizabethan English in the sense of 'not much,' as when Falstaff speaks of men as their father's shadows, adding 'but much of the father's substance.' This process explains the French 'point,' point; 'rien,' nothing, and 'pas,' step (le passus), in their negative use." "Justice Shallows's 'by cock and pie' is a good example. 'By cock' is (like 'by gad,' 'by gosh,' etc.) a mere corruption to make the sense innocuous, and 'pie' (magpie) is added to carry out the suggestion that 'cock' refers to a bird. The suggestion that 'pie' in this oath is the mass-book, appears to be unfounded" (page 34). "Or we may have been bored by hearing the word over-used, so that every new repetition gives us a feeling of satiety. So we often feel an aversion to the very names of people we do not like" (page 225). "The clown's 'O lord, sir,' in Shakespeare, was a good answer to all the remarks of the Countess. We may try the same experiment by uttering th interjection 'O' in various ways" (page 234), etc., etc.

IN LESSER VEIN

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SHAKESPEAREAN CRITICISM.

From "A Short View of Tragedy of the Last Age, with Some Reflections on Shakespeare and Other Practitioners for the Stage." By Thomas Rymer. London, 1693.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO.—Whatever rubs or difficulties may stick in the bark, the moral use of this fable is very instructive. First, this may be a caution to all maidens of quality, how, without thier parents' consent, they runaway with blackamoors! Secondly, this may be a warning to all good wives that they look well to thier linen. Thirdly, this may be a lesson to husbands, that before thier jealousy be tragicall, the proofs may be mathematical.

Shakespeare was accountable both to the eyes and to the ears. This was the charm, this was the philtre, the love powder, that took the daughter of the noble Venetian. This was sufficient to make the Blackamoor white, and reconcile all, though there had been a cloven foot into the bargain. A meaner woman might just as soon have been taken by Agna Tetrachymagogon! The character of the state of Venice is to employ strangers in thier wars: but shall a Poet thence fancy that they will set a negro to be thier General? or trust a Moor to defend them against the Turk? With us a Blackamoor might rise to be a trumpeter. But Shakespeare would not have him less than a Lieutenant General.

With us a moor might marry some little drab or small coal wench. Shakespeare would provide him the daughter and heir of some great lord or Privy counsellor; and all the town should reckon it a very suitable match, but the English are not bred up with that hatred and aversion to the Moor as the Venetians, who suffer by a perpetual hostility from them. Littora littoribus contraria! Othello is made a Venetian

general. We see nothing done by him, nor related concerning him, that comports with the condition of a general, or, indeed, of a man, unless the killing himself to avoid a death the law was about to inflict upon him be such! When his jealousy had wrought him up to resolution of his taking revenge for the supposed injury, he sets Iago to the fighting part to kill Cassio and chooses himself to murder the silly woman, his wife, that was like to make no resistance.

But what is most intolerable is Iago. He is no blackamoor soldier, so we may be sure he should be like other soldiers of our acquaintance. Yet never in Tragedy, nor in Comedy, nor in nature, was a soldier with his character;—take it in the author's own words: Some eternal villain, some busy and insinuating rogue, some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office! Horace describes a soldier otherwise. Impiger, tracundus, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer! Shakespeare knew his character of Iago was inconsistent. In this very play he pronounces: If thou deliver more or less than truth, thou art no soldier. This he knew, but to entertain the audience with something new and surprising against common sense and nature, he would pass upon us a close, dissembling, false insinuating rascall, instead of an open-hearted, frank and plain-dealing soldier, a character constantly worn by them for some thousands of years in the world.

And there is nothing in the noble Desdemona that is not below any country kitchen-maid with us. No woman bred out of a pig-stye could talk so meanly. Here a noble Venetian lady is to be murdered by our poet in sober sadness purely for being a fool. No Pagan poet but would have found some means for her deliverance. Pegasus would have strained hard to have brought old Perseus on his back, time enough to rescue this Andromeda from so foul a monster. Has our Christian poetry no generosity, no bowels? Ha, ha, Sir Launcelot. Ha, Sir George! Will no ghost leave the shades for us in extremety to save a distressed damsel?

The verses rumbling in our ears are of good use to help off the action. In the neighing of a horse, or in the growling of a mastiff, there is a meaning, there is as lively expression, and I, may say, more humanity than many times in the tragicall flights of Shakespeare!

But let us step among the scenes to observe the conducting of this Tragedy! Observe the sudden and startling manner in which Iago and Roderigo inform Brabantio of his daughter's elopement with the Moor! In former days there were wont to keep at the courts of Princes some-

body in a fool's coat that in pure simplicity might let slip something which made way for the ill news and blunted the shock which otherwise might have come too violent on the party. And the Council of Venice! By thier conduct and manner of talk a body must strain hard to fancy the scene at Venice and not rather at some of our Cinque ports, where the baily and the fisherman are knocking thier heads together on account of some whale or some terrible broil on the coast. But to show these true Venetians the maritime affairs stick not on thier hand, the public may sink or swim. They will sit up all night to hear a Doctors' Commons matrimonial cause laid open to 'em that they may decide it before they stir. What can be pleaded to keep away thier attention so wonderfully? Instead of starting at the progidy, every one is familiar with Desdemona, as if he were her own natural father: they rejoice in her good fortune and wish thier own daughters as hopefully married. Should the Poet have provided such a husband for an only daughter of any Peer in England, the Blackamoor must have changed his skin to look our House of Lords in the face!

The second act shows the action, I know how many leagues off, in the Island of Cyprus without our Bayes [Shakespeare?] having made any provision of ships for the audience. Then there follows a long rabble of Jack Pudden farce between Iago and Desdemona that runs on with all the little plays jingle and trash below the patience of any country kitchen maid with her sweetheart. The Venetian Donna is hard put to it for pastime: and this is all when they are newly put on shore from a dismal tempest, and when every moment she might expect to hear her Lord (as she calls him) that she runs mad after is arrived or lost! To write such stuff is unhallowing the Theatres, profaning the name of Tragedy, and, instead of representing men and manners, turning all morality, good sense and humanity into mockery and derision.

Desdemona's solicitations for Cassio were more than enough to rouse Othello's jealousy. Iago can now only actum agere, and vex the audience with a nauseous repetition. Whence comes it then that this scene is the top scene, the scene that raises OTHELLO above all other tragedies at our Theatres? It is purely from the action, from the mops and the mows, the grimace, the grins and gesticulations. Such scenes as this have made all the world run after Harlequin and Scaramoncio. The several degrees of action were among the Ancients distinguished by the Cothurnus, the Soccus, and the Planipes. Had this scene been represented at old Rome, Othello and Iago must have quilted thier bus-

kins; they must have played barefoot, for the spectators would not have been content without seeing thier podometry, and the jealousy works out at the very toes of them. Words, be they Spanish or Polish, or any inarticulate sound, have the same effect: they can only distinguish, and, as it were, to beat time to the action. But here we see a known language does wofully encumber and clog the operation, as either forced, or heavy, or trifling, or incoherent, or improper, or most improbable. When the words interpose to spoil the conceit every one interprets as he likes best. So in that memorable dispute between Panurge and our English Philosopher in Rabelais, performed without a word speaking, the Theologian, Physicians and Surgeons made one inference, the Lawyers, Civilians and Canonists another conclusion more to the mind.

Iago had some pretense to be discontent with Othello and Cassio, and what passed hitherto was the operation of Revenge. Desdemona had never done him any harm: always kind to him, and to his wife, was his countryman, a dame of Quality. For him to abet her murder shows nothing of a soldier, nothing of a man, nothing of nature in it. The Ordinary of Newgate never had the like monster to pass under his examination. Can it be any diversion to see a rogue beyond what the Devil ever finished? Or would it be any instruction to an Audience? Iago could desire no better than to set Othello and Cassio, his two enemies, by the ears together, so that he might have been revenged on them both at once: and choosing for his share the murder of Desdemona, he had an opportunity to play booty, and save the poor harmless wretch. But the poet must do everything by contraries: to surprise the audience still with something horrible and prodigious, beyond any human imagination. At this rate he must outdo the Devil to be a poet in the rank with Shakespeare.

And for this Tragedy to turn on a handkerchief! Why was not this called "The Tragedy of a Handkerchief"? What can be more absurd than, as Quintilian expresses it, in parvibus (sic) litibus, has tragedias movere? We have heard of Fortunatus, his purse, and of the invisible cloak long ago worn threadbare, and stowed upon the wardrobe of obsolete romances. One might think that were a fitter place for this handkerchief than that it, at this time of day, be worn on the stage to raise everywhere all this clutter and turmoil. The handkerchief is so remote a trifle no booby on this side Mauritania could make any consequence from it. Why, when lost, should this handkerchief not have been folded in the bridal couch? And when Othello was stifling Desdemona, this

fairy napkin might have started up to disarm his fury, and stop his ungracious mouth. Then might she (in a trance for fear) have lain as dead. Then might he (believing her dead) touched with remorse, have honestly cut his own throat by the good leave, and with the applause of all the spectators, who might then have gone home with a quiet mind, admiring the beauty of Providence fairly and truly represented in the Theatre.

What can remain with the audience to carry home with them from this sort of Poetry, for thier use and edification? How can it work, unless (instead of settling the mind and purging all passions) to delude our senses, disorder our thoughts, addle our brain, pervert our appetite, and fill our head with vanity, confusion, tintarra and jingle-jangle beyond what all the parish clerks of London with thier Old Testament farces and Interludes in Richard the Second's time could ever pretend to? Our only hope, for the good of their souls, can be that these people go to the Playhouse as they do to Church, to sit still, look on one another, make no reflection, nor mind the Play more than would a sermon. There is in this Play some burlesque, some humour and ramble of comicall wit, some show and some mimicry to divert the spectators. But the tragical part is clearly none other than a bloody Farce, without salt or savour.

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Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.
Iod. Oh Spartan Dogge:
More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea,
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Obiect poysons Sight,
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And seize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succeede on you. To you, Lord Gouernor,
Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My selfe will straight aboord, and to the State,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

(:*,*:)

Othello, *the Moore.*
Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona.*
Cassio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.*
Iago, *a Villaine.*
Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.*
Duke of Venice.

Senators.
Montano, *Gouernour of Cyprus.*
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico, *and* Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians.*
Sailors.
Clowne.

Desdemona, *Wife to Othello.*
Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.*
Bianca, *a Curtezan.*

The Last Page of Othello, 1623